

# NATIONAL

OCTOBER  
No. 50

# COMICS

10c

SM  
© 1940  
SCHOOL-  
COMIC  
SERIES

*The* **BARKER and HIS PALS**  
are sold down the river to ROCKS MYZER!



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# New ENLARGEMENT 3¢



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Color of Hair \_\_\_\_\_  
Color of Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are as true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement especially hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa**

**STAMP**

# Given



**POWERFUL TELESCOPE**  
**GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

**CAMERA**  
Candid type.  
**GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



## Birthstone RING

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

### 6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

### TEA-SPOONS



### SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

### BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



### HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit - Holster and Holster, **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

### WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

### SOFTBALL SET

3-piece set. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



### FOUNTAIN PEN

Alen pencil sets. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

### SEND TODAY

### LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS**, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

**Gift  
Wanted**

# The BARKER



WORTH  
HOW MUCH  
? ? ?

Can  
golden-voiced,  
golden-hearted  
*Carnie*  
*Calahan*  
and his pals  
be bought  
and sold?



*By Klaus Nordling*

A  
*Curious*  
Adventure  
of  
*Curious*  
People!



DUST MAH BOOTS,  
MISS LENA, YE  
SHORE ARE THE  
IMAGE O' FULL-  
BLOWN LOVELINESS!

YOU'RE JUST A  
JOSHER, LIKE  
ALL COWBOYS--  
BUT I LOVE  
IT!

ONCE YOU GET  
THE KNACK,  
CLARENCE, YOU  
CAN JUGGLE  
TWICE AS  
MANY THINGS  
AS I DO...

I'M WITHIN MY  
RIGHTS, COLONEL!  
PAY ME OR TURN  
OVER YOUR  
SHOW!

ER--YOU SEE,  
CARNIE, MY  
BOY-- I  
BORROWED  
HEAVILY FROM  
ROCKS MYZER  
TO EXPAND  
THE SHOW--

BUT THE  
BUSINESS  
WE'RE DOING  
WILL LET US  
PAY OFF WHEN  
WE'VE FINISHED  
THE TOUR!



YOU ADVISE THAT, MR. CALAHAN?..  
SPLENDID! YOU SEE -- YOU ARE  
PART OF THE PART I'M ASKING  
HIM TO PART WITH!



NATIONAL COMICS



BLESS MY SOUL,  
THEY'RE REAL!  
I THOUGHT HE  
WAS IN MAKEUP!

YEEOW! HELP ME, FELLERS!

PROTECT ME!  
THAT'S YOUR  
JOB!

I'LL TOSS THIS LITTLE  
PIPSQUEAK CLEAR  
TO ---



HOLD THIS KEESTER  
AND WE'LL SEE WHO  
TOSSES WHO!

I'VE GOT  
HIM!

DID YOU SAY  
SOMETHING,  
BUB?

KF -- KF -- KF!  
KF! KF!  
GHIIHHH ---

THEY'RE NO SCRAPPERS  
TINY -- BUT WHAT A BUNCH  
OF **SPRINT STARS**  
THEY'D MAKE!



NOW THINGS ARE  
STATUS QUOED,  
MYZER! HERE  
COMES THE LAW!

MR. MYZER! I JEST  
HEERD THAT  
YE'D COME ---

IT'D BE SOONEST  
MENDED IF'N YE'D  
AGREE TER GIT---

PLEASE OFFICER! -- WE  
HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO  
BE HERE! WE WERE  
ATTACKED --



I DON'T KNOW THE FULL STORY YET, BUT I SURE DON'T LIKE THE FIRST INSTALLMENT! YOU, AS CONSTABLE, OWE US PROTECTION!

YOU'RE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS, STRANGER-- I'M SORRY TO SAY! BUT I STILL WISH YOU'D CLEAR OUT!

IS THIS THE BEST HOTEL?

IT'S THE ONLY HOTEL! COME IN-- WE'LL GET A SUITE AND UNPACK!

WELL, MYZER! WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA WE'D LET YOU STAY HERE?

LOOK, COUSIN. I KNOW THE STATE HOTEL LAW! YOU CAN'T REFUSE A CUSTOMER--



—SO CHECK US IN, OR WE'RE WITHIN OUR RIGHTS.  
IF WE WRECK YOUR FLEA-BAG!

AND WE'RE THE GUYS WHO'D LOVE TO DO IT!



YOU CAN HAVE THIS FRONT ROOM! I'LL BE IN THE BACK!

LOOK, WE'VE GOT TIME TO TALK NOW-- WHAT'S THE BEEF AGAINST YOU HERE?



I WAS BORN HERE-- GREW UP DESPISED AND TAUNTED BECAUSE I WOULDN'T LAUGH AND PLAY-- I WANTED TO IMPROVE MYSELF! I WAS JEERED OUT OF TOWN AND MADE MY FORTUNE IN THE BIG CITY!

NOW I'M COMING HOME-- I WANT TO INVEST HERE AND MAKE IMPROVEMENTS IN SCRUBVILLE! BUT-YOU SEE HOW NARROW AND HOSTILE MY OLD NEIGHBORS ARE!

YEAH, SURE! HOW ABOUT GIVING US TIME TO CHEW IT OVER A BIT?

# NATIONAL COMICS

GENERALLY, WHEN THERE'S A GANG AGAINST ONE GUY, I'M ON THE SIDE OF THE ONE -- BUT NOW...

ME, TOO! I CAN'T FIGURE IF IT'S A RIGHT PITCH OR A CON! -- THIS MYZER LOOKS AND ACTS LIKE A MUZZLER!

OF COURSE, WE'RE BOUND TO TAKE HIS ORDERS, FOR THE COLONEL'S SAKE -- UH -- SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

MORE TOUGH AGRICULTURISTS, NO DOUBT! LEAVE ME FIX THEIR FORETOPS!



MR. MYZER  
WANTS TO BE THE BOSS  
OF SCRUBVILLE! HE'S TAKEN  
A MORTGAGE ON THE TOWN PICKLE  
FACTORY... OUR ONE SOURCE OF  
INCOME... FROM MY COUSIN RUBE--

WHAT'S HIS  
ANGLE?  
MONEY?  
POLITICS?

BY RUNNING  
THIS PLACE,  
HE THINKS  
HE CAN  
MARRY  
ME!

FIRST  
IDEA OF  
HIS I'VE  
REALLY  
AGREED  
WITH!





WE'VE THOUGHT IT OVER--  
WE CAN'T BUCK THE MAN  
WITH THE **POWER!**  
WHAT YOU SAY IN  
SCRUBVILLE GOES!

HEAR THAT? ANY  
FIGHTING YOU DO  
IS AGAINST THE  
**WHOLE TOWN!**

AND ANY RETURN BOUTS MAY NOT BE  
SO EASY FOR YOU!... YOU WON'T  
HAVE THE LAW ON YOUR SIDE!

AMEN TO THAT!  
COME WITH ME,  
MAJOR MIDGE!



HEY! KNOW WHAT  
THIS THING IS?  
IT SAYS HERE--

GIVE IT TO  
ME, YOU  
LITTLE FOOL!



THIS SINKS YOU, MYZER!  
YOU AND YOUR CONTRACTS  
AND EVERYTHING!

I'LL TEAR  
THAT PAPER  
UP--AND  
YOU, TOO!



ADIOS AND TALLY-HO! PARTING  
IS SUCH SORROW - BUT  
URGENT BUSINESS AWAITS!

I'LL RAISE  
THE WHOLE  
TOWN TO  
CATCH YOU!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE SHOW! AFTER  
HIM -- HE'S STOLEN SOMETHING!

YESSIR, MR. HYZIER -  
ANYTHING YOU  
SAY!



HEY, RUBE!!

THE MAJOR - IN TROUBLE!  
FIGHT OFF THOSE TOWNIES!



GET TO THAT  
HOSE,  
TINY!

WHAT  
ARE YOU - ?

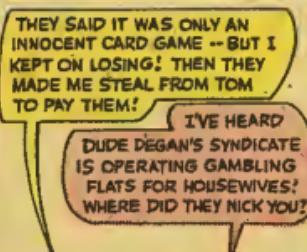
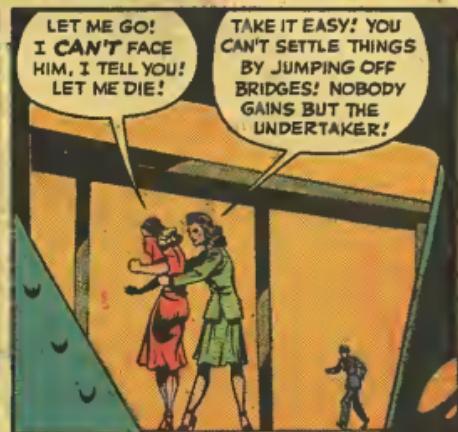
LET'S FIND  
OUT!





# Sally O'NEIL





I'VE HEARD  
DUDE DEGAN'S SYNDICATE  
IS OPERATING GAMBLING  
FLATS FOR HOUSEWIVES!  
WHERE DID THEY NICK YOU?





YES! MY HUSBAND'S A TRAVELING MAN AND IT'S DULL WHEN HE'S AWAY. I ALWAYS USED TO PLAY CARDS A LOT, BUT AROUND HERE ...

MAYBE I COULD--ER--INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME PLAYERS! I KNOW A CLUB THAT MEETS UP STAIRS EVERY AFTERNOON!







THEY'RE GOING TO MURDER US! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!

MAYBE IF YOU DO GET OUT, YOU'LL BE MORE CHOOSEY ABOUT THE TYPE OF COMPANY YOU PICK FOR AFTERNOON RECREATION!



I'M TIED TOO TIGHT TO WIGGLE A FINGER! BUT SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE! SAY -- THOSE OLD CARDS THEY'RE USING! I WONDER...



HEY, BOYS, IF I HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NIGHT TO DIE, WHY NOT LET ME SIT IN THE GAME? I PLAY PRETTY GOOD POKER FOR A GIRL!

NO DICE, SISTER! WE KNOW WHAT YOU'D DO IF YOU GOT THEM MITTS OF YOURS UNTIED. SORRY!



SCARED? YOU'VE GOT YOUR GUNS -- AND YOU COULD UNTIE JUST ONE HAND! I COULDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE WITH THAT!

WHY NOT, JEFF? I'M SICK O' THESE TWO-HANDED GAMES! THEY'RE NO FUN!



ONE FUNNY MOVE, BABY, AND I'LL LET DAYLIGHT INTO YOU!

RELAX, SAM: I'M TIED SO TIGHT I COULDN'T EVEN BREATHE HARD!



HOW ABOUT A CIGARETTE, SOMEBODY? JUST LIGHT ONE AND HAND IT TO ME!

OKAY, BABY! I LIKE DAMES WITH NERVE! YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES...



THANKS, PAL! I ONLY HOPE THESE OLD PLAYING CARDS HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!

I DON'T GET YOU, SISTER! ---- WHADDAYUH MEAN?





YOU'RE QUITE A GIRL FOR TROUBLE, SALLY! LUCKY I CAME BACK EARLY!

YOU AGAIN!!



THIS TIME I TAKE NO CHANCES! YOU DIE HERE AND NOW!

YOU CAN'T BLAME A GIRL FOR TRYING, DUDE! BUT THE SHOTS WILL BRING COPS AND YOU'LL BE DONE FOR, ANYHOW...

NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'RE THE DIRTY RAT WHO GOT ME INTO THIS! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TRAP ANOTHER SILLY, BORED HOUSEWIFE!

WOW! TALK ABOUT POETIC JUSTICE!



HERE, GIVE ME THAT GUN! I'LL SAY I SHOT DUDE AND KEEP YOUR NAME OUT OF IT! I THINK YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, MRS. CASE!

OOOOO!

AS FOR YOU, SISTER - KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS PART AND TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THE SYNDICATE AND YOU MAY GET OFF LIGHT!

I WON'T TELL ON HER! I SWEAR IT!

WHAT THE--?? IT'S SALLY O'NEIL!

GREAT WORK, SALLY! WITH THAT GIRL'S EVIDENCE, WE'LL CLOSE EVERY GAMBLING FLAT IN TOWN BEFORE MORNING!

FINE, CASEY! IT'LL BE A CLEANER TOWN WITH THE SYNDICATE WIPE OUT! BUT PROMISE ME ONE THING...

GIVE THE POOR, SILLY DELUPIED HOUSEWIVES A BREAK! THEY'LL GET A GOOD SCARE OUT OF THIS, BUT DON'T RUIN THEIR LIVES!

WE WON'T, SALLY! WHEREVER POSSIBLE, WE'LL KEEP THEIR NAMES OUT OF IT COMPLETELY! THEY'VE LEARNED THEIR LESSONS!





# QUICKSILVER



It is fate that Quicksilver takes the air near by....

GETTIM! GIVE HIM DE BIZNESS!

I DON'T KNOW WHO'S WHAT -- BUT IT'S A MOB AFTER ONE MAN .. AND I NEVER LIKE THAT!

SMASH DAT CROCKERY! DEDS 20¢

SMASH IS AN UGLY WORD, MY FRIEND--



NO, THANKS! NONE OF MY TEETH NEEDS REFILLING!

But Quicksilver is intrigued! Unobserved, he follows....

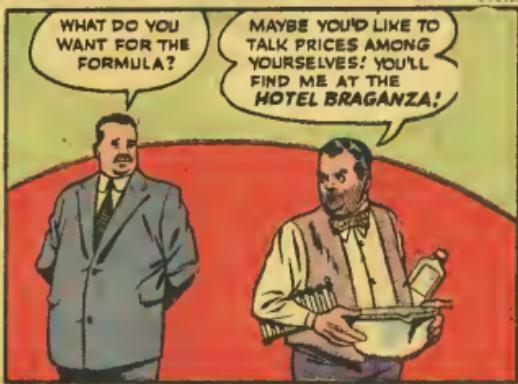
THE LITTLE FELLOWS ACTUALLY SERIOUS! PERHAPS I SHOULD WAIT AROUND AND SEE WHAT IT ADDS UP TO!



THEN I'LL CONVINCE YOU!



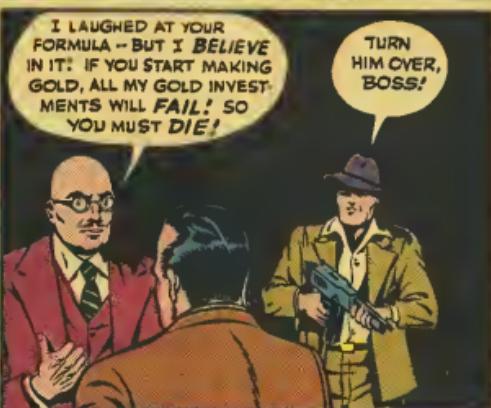
JUST LIKE A B PICTURE ABOUT MAD SCIENCE!



Then, in Mudge's suite...

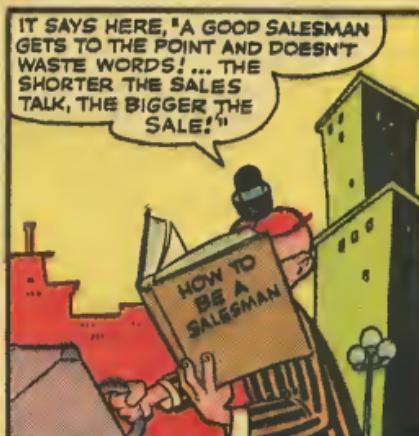
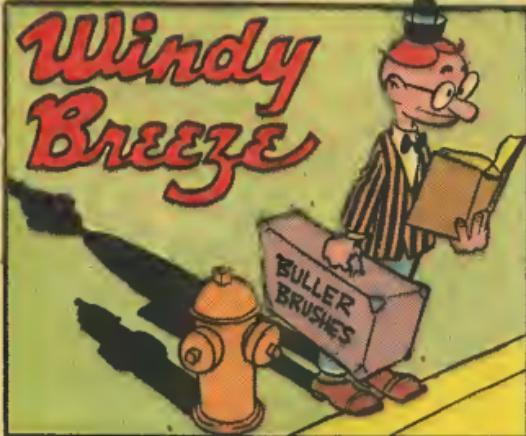








# Windy Breeze



# INTELLECTUAL AMOS

meets the  
*Mosquito Menace!*



NEVER BEFORE HAS  
LITTLE INTELLECTUAL  
AMOS MET ANYTHING  
AS SINISTER AS THE  
FRIGHTFUL MENACE  
OF THE GIANT  
MOSQUITOES!



EXTRA! FLASH EXTRA!

DEATH-DEALING HORROR  
TURNED LOOSE ON  
HELPLESS WORLD!



MANY  
PEOPLE  
IN DANGER

GIGANTIC  
MOSQUITO  
SIGHTED!

MYSTERIOUS  
DISEASE!

OUR STORY OPENS IN A GLOOMY OLD MANSION ON THE  
CREST OF HAMMIT MOUNTAIN ... THE ONLY LIVING  
PERSON IN THE OLD HOUSE IS DR. ERSATZ ...

SLEEPING FOOLS IN THE VALLEY  
BELOW! YOU WILL SOON  
AWAKE AND RESPECT THE  
GENIUS OF DOCTOR ERSATZ!



In the failing light of evening, the lofty old Hammit mansion dominates the scene, like a black threat to the peaceful valley... The voice of Dr. Ersatz rings out!...

AFTER THIS NIGHT, THE ENTIRE COUNTRY--YES, THE WHOLE WORLD--WILL KNOW AND FEAR THE SCIENTIST OF HAMMIT MANSION!



IT IS JUST ABOUT TIME... PLAIN MOSQUITO LARVAE FORCED TO HATCH IN MY VITAMIN SOLUTION...

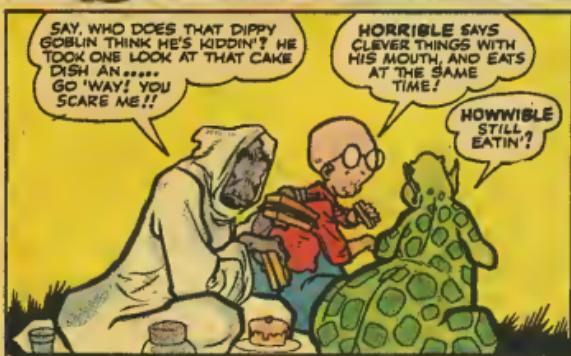
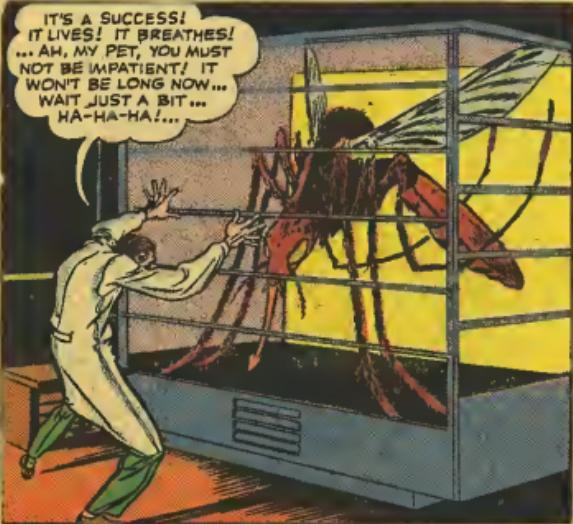


...AND FROM THESE GROTESQUELY ENLARGED EGGS AND LARVAE COME MY BRAIN-CHILDREN!



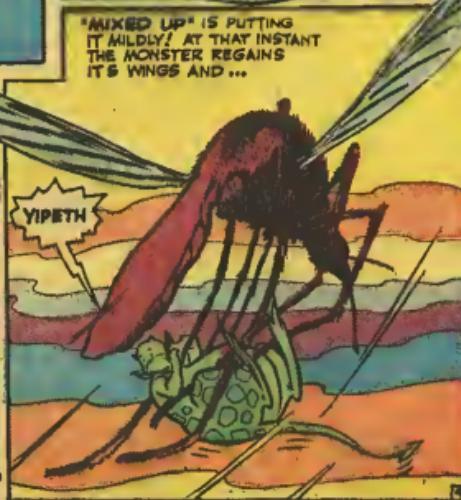
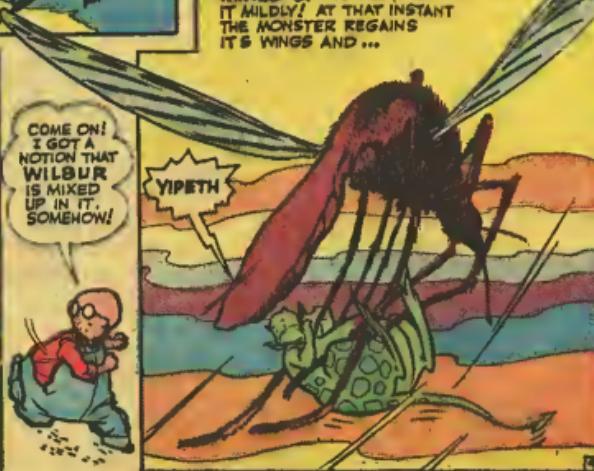
A WINGED MESSANGER OF DESTRUCTION! THE FIRST OF AN ARMY! THE ARMY OF DOCTOR ERSATZ!





HOWRIBLE  
STILL  
EATIN'?





# NATIONAL COMICS

UP, UP, WITH THE WHIRRING OF ITS GIANT WINGS, THE REPULSIVE MONSTER DRAGS THE HAPLESS LITTLE GOBLIN... HEARING THE DEAFENING WHINE, THE PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY WATCH FEARFULLY AS THE LIVING HORROR HEADS FOR THE OLD MANSION!

AMOS AND HORACE DASH MADLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HAMMIT MOUNTAIN! AS THEY RUN, AMOS DISPLAYS HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY! MENTALLY, HE STUDIES A BOOK ON "CONTROLLING INSECT PESTS"...

HURRY! WILBUR IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER!

OH, GLORY!! WHITE BAND ON LEG! THAT MEANS THE ANOPHELES ALBIMANUS!... THE DREADED CARRIER OF MALARIA!



LOOK, HORACE! HE'S GOING STRAIGHT TO THE HAMMIT MANSION!



WHILE, UP ON HAMMIT MOUNTAIN...

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?... ANIMAL OR HUMAN? WELCOME TO THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR ERSATZ! HA! HA!



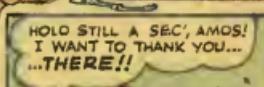
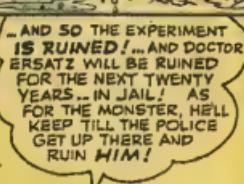
WELL, LITTLE GOBLIN, OR WHATEVER YOU ARE... DID YOU KNOW THAT A MOSQUITO IS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE-- SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE ONE IN MY HAND?



HE DRAWS YOUR BLOOD FIRST-- THEN INJECTS YOU WITH A DISEASE GERM! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?

ONLY I'VE IMPROVED ON NATURE!-- I MAKE THEM MUCH BIGGER-- AND THE DISEASE MY PETS CARRY MAKES YELLOW FEVER!-- BY COMPARISON, A MERE JOKE!

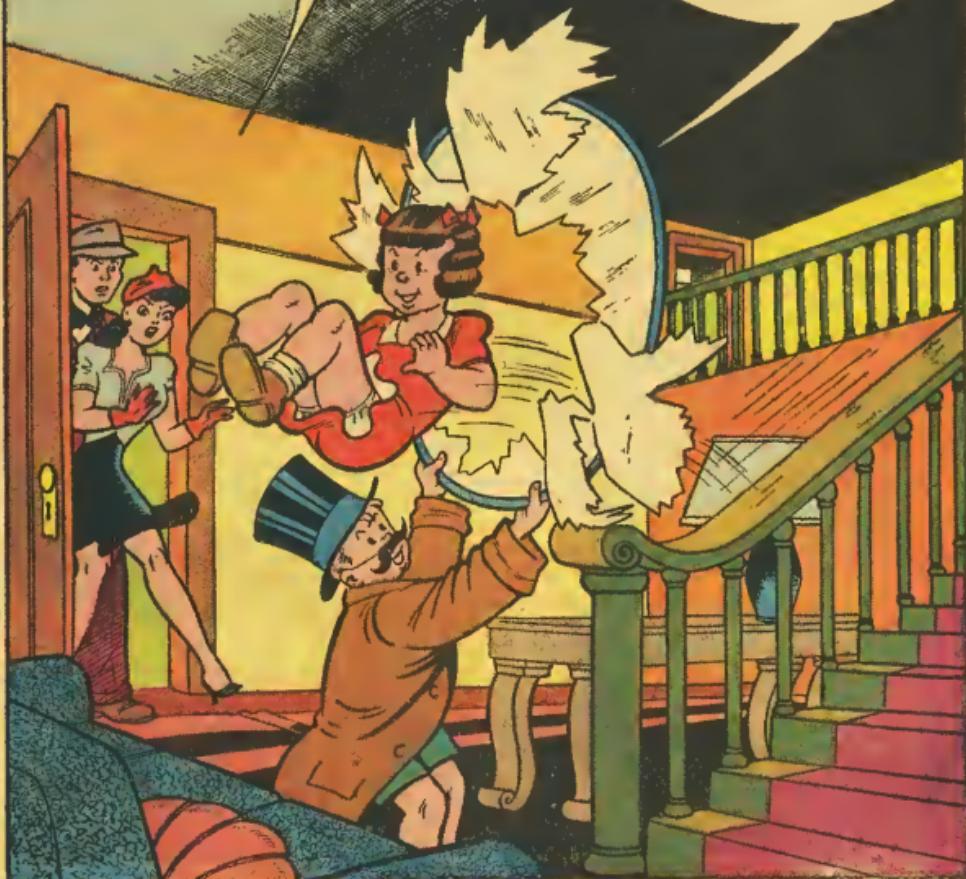




# LASSIE

LASSIE!....  
LASSIE, STOP  
THAT! WE HAVE  
COMPANY  
WITH US!

WHEEE-EE!  
OH, THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT, ROBERTA.  
THEY WON'T BOTHER  
US! IN FACT, WE  
LIKE AN AUDIENCE  
WHEN WE PLAY  
**CIRCUS!**



HERE COME AUNT CLARABELLE AND DILBERT! NOW REMEMBER V. AT I TOLD YOU -- NO TRICKS!

OH, AUNTIE CLARABELLE, I'M **SO** GLAD YOU COULD COME!

DILBERT, SWEETHEART, YOU RUN ALONG WITH THE CHILDREN -- BUT DON'T GET INTO ANY OF THEIR GAMES!

YES,  
ROBERTA!  
NO,  
ROBERTA!

OKAY!

NOW, LISTEN, LASSIE -- I DON'T RELISH THIS IDEA OF HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON! I WANTED TO TAKE ROBERTA TO A BALL GAME -- SO DON'T CAUSE ME ANY TROUBLE! UNDERSTAND?

HELP! HELP!  
SOMEONE PLEASE  
SAVE ME!

YEOW!  
HELP!  
I'M STUCK!

DON'T WORRY,  
DILBERT, I'LL  
HELP YOU!

AS SOON--  
AS -- UH--  
I CLIMB--

SUCKER!  
WOW!  
I'VE  
STRUCK  
THE  
JACKPOT!

CHEAPSKEAT!  
HE CARRIES  
A HANDFULL  
OF NICKELS TO  
SOUND  
RICH!

WHY, YOU -- YOU  
LITTLE ---! GIVE  
ME BACK THAT  
MONEY!







NATIONAL COMICS





# The SONG OF SIVA

WEIRD, tragic, the strange singing ceased as abruptly as it had started with the dawn. The early morning sun turned to gold the sandstone heights, and across the Nile waving cane became a molten sea of pale gold.

The score of swarthy natives, their turbans dusty, slowly lifted their heads to gaze in awe at the enormous statue of Siva stained in the golden dawn. It had stood for unknown centuries, a monolith carved in rock, facing the east with its sad rock face.

Only occasionally did the great statue give forth with its weird, lonesome song. Only at dawn, and only for believers, so said the legend. Now it was quiet again, unseeing stone eyes staring over the broad Nile valley.

Slowly the natives mounted their camels and padded silently away into the north, toward Cairo and the rich Suez markets. They were happy. They had been given the "song of Siva". Their trading would be good. They had received the blessing of Isis.

When the natives had disappeared, an aged priest came out of a cave nearby and went to the foot of the statue. He scooped up a handful of coins which the pilgrims had placed in a hollow of the rock. Then he trudged back to his earthen burrow.

Each time wayfarers came along, they left some coins in the hollow, believing the gods received them—thus blessing the kind-hearted donors. It was good business for the priest. He chuckled as he crouched in the cave and counted his findings. He wished that travelers would come along every dawn. . . .

Ben Rashid, bearded leader of a wild tribe of desert thugs, rode his camel as if he were part of it. His followers, heavily burrooed against the growing heat, came behind him. They itched for action. It had been weeks since they had waylaid a caravan. They thirsted for blood.

Dismounting, Ben Rashid approached the foot of the statue. He surveyed it for a moment, then something shiny caught his eye. Partly covered with sand, it lay at his feet. He picked it up. It was a gold piece. Chuckling, he stuck the money in his sash. Then he noticed the dragging foot marks in the sand. They led to a cave not far away.

Ben Rashid motioned to a couple of his men and they strode toward the rocky lair. The old priest came out, shielding his eyes against the fierce glare.

"Go with Isis," he said. "May your travel be comfortable."

"Ho, there, old man!" cried Ben Rashid. "Did you drop this coin?" He flipped the gold piece in his hand.

"Aye," replied the priest. "It is a gift of the kind travelers who stopped here to receive the blessing of Isis."

Ben Rashid eyed him like a snake. "So they leave money, do they?" He motioned to his two men and they pushed the old priest aside and entered the cave.

One of them cried out excitedly and stepped into view carrying a skin bag that was heavy with coins.

"No, no!" cried the old man, grabbing at the bag. "No, I pray you. It is mine! You will be

accursed by the gods if you take it."

Ben Rashid's mocking laughter boomed across the silence of the morning.

He turned to walk off. But the old 'priest ran after him, holding on to his burroose.

"No, I pray you, do not take it!" he cried.

With a curse Ben Rashid drew a scimitar and slashed quickly. The priest's head, neatly severed, rolled to the ground.

The bearded leader laughed and stuck the sword into the sand, to wipe off the blood.

"A good stroke, master!" said one of the men.

Ben Rashid chuckled. "A double stroke, men," he amended. "One for a head—one for a bag of gold!"

They mounted their camels and rode north.

A few days later, Ben Rashid and his cutthroats were again approaching the statue of Siva. They were on their way to the river—ten miles distant—for water. Their goat skin water bags were almost empty.

Ben Rashid rode up to the statue just as dawn was breaking. He dismounted, looking in the hollow place to see if any kind traveler had left gold. There was none. The old priest's body and severed head still lay where they had fallen. Ben Rashid kicked it disdainfully.

Then suddenly a strange unearthly sound sighed over the desert. Rising in volume as the sun came up, it caused an odd reaction among Rashid's men. They jumped from their mounts and buried their faces in the

## NATIONAL COMICS

sand, crying out that the gods were speaking; that Isis was commanding them.

The sound grew until it was almost a scream, and then Ben Rashid noticed that it came from the statue. His dark face turned a shade paler. What was this? Did the gods in truth thus speak through this stone figure? That was crazy, he thought. Superstition.

"Fools!" he cried to the bowing men, "get up and be men, not crawling cowards!"

"O Master," cried one of them. "It was a great sin to kill the priest. Now we are accursed of the gods!"

Ben Rashid bellowed with profane laughter.

"Stupid fools! Do you put faith in the ranting of old men whose brains are furred by the heat? Come. We must get along."

The sound was a wail now. The men lay still. Ben Rashid kicked the one nearest him. "You heard me!" he shouted. "Come on!"

Ben Rashid had no warning of what approached until a stinging wave of hot sand struck his face. The singing of the rock had not permitted the sound of the new terror to be heard. Now like a wild thing it struck them. Great, burning waves of sand screamed against the statue, against the bowed men, against the score of camels.

Ben Rashid fell on his knees now and drew the folds of his burnoose over his head. Nothing could live and face that roaring ocean of sand. The light of day was gone. It was like midnight, the sun blotted out. The sand-storm grew in volume, screaming with a 100 mile wind pressure behind it.

The camels padded off into the south, leaving their masters. Sand piled up. The men dug frantically, their throats parched

for water. There was no water. What little had been left in the bags had gone with the camels.

The day wore on. Evening came, but still the sandstorm raged around the stone statue of Isis. Ben Rashid and his men, panting, eyes tight closed against the sting of sand, tried to keep themselves dug out. But it was growing almost impossible.

Ben Rashid coughed and gasped. His throat was a flaming tunnel, his tongue swollen. What had the old priest said? They were accursed of the gods? Indeed it seemed that way. Would this storm never end?

It didn't end. All through the night it raged and far into the next morning. And all that day the shrieking sand, flailed the desert.

The rocky face of Siva stared into it, not changing, aged-old spectator of many such storms.

It was the score of riderless camels that caused the first sensation in the little oasis of Al Akkam on the Nile. They trudged into the village in the early morning. Immediately the huge humped mount of Ben Rashid was recognized. And there was much speculation as

to what had happened to the leader and his pack.

It was incredible to think that Ben Rashid and his thugs had lost their camels. Yet there they were. And where was Ben Rashid and his gang?

An old priest came up to a group discussing the strange event. He nodded slowly.

"It is the will of Isis," he said quietly. "They defied the gods by killing a priest of Isis and stealing sacred gold. . . . Come, let us go." He turned toward the camels and began to mount one.

"Where, old man? Where would you lead us?"

"Follow me," commanded the priest, setting off. The others climbed on the remaining camels and fell in behind the priest. At length they reached the statue of Siva, now half covered with sand.

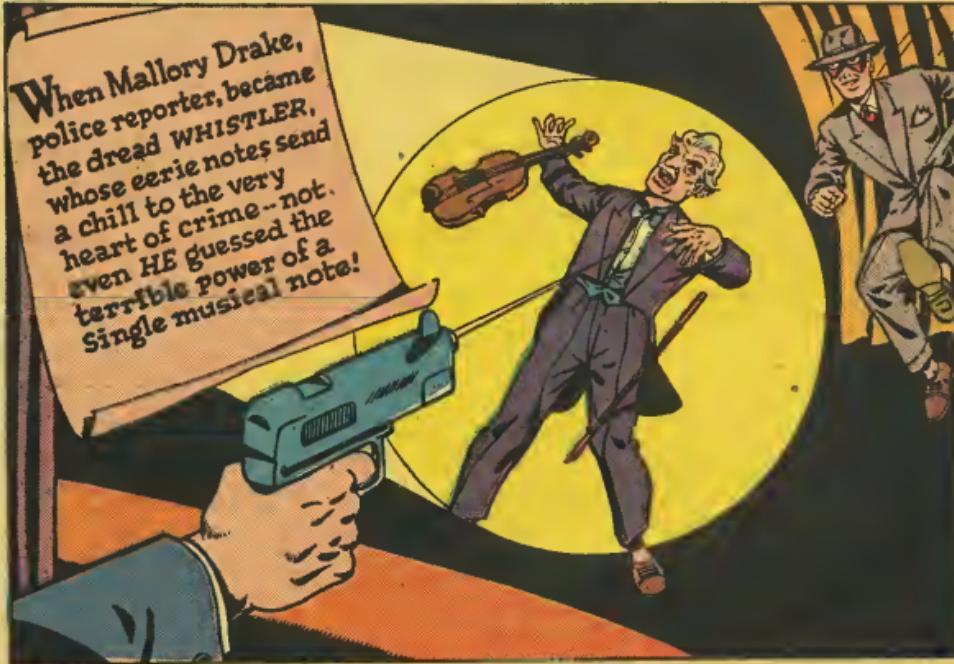
"Dig," the priest told them. "And you'll see how the gods keep their promises."

They dug, and soon they had twenty-one bodies laid out on the sand. Ben Rashid and his crew, their faces blackened by awful strangulation. The song of Siva had been their funeral song.

**NATIONAL COMICS**  
GIVES YOU  
**TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOUR DIME!**  
only **QUALITY COMIC MAGAZINES** give  
you **56** pages of Action, Laughs  
and Adventure!  
**COUNT 'EM!**

# The WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL



A night off for Mallory Drake, police reporter...





THEN I THINK THE WHISTLER WILL HAVE A TRY AT FINDING THE MISSING MURDER GUN!

HMMMS! NOT MANY PLACES TO HIDE A GUN AROUND HERE! MAYBE IGOR WAS JUST THE FALL-GUY FOR A CLEVER FRAME!

WHA—?? SOMEBODY'S PRYING OPEN A BACK WINDOW! THINGS ARE DEVELOPING—

CREEAK!

I'LL LET HIM GET CLEAR IN AND THEN JUMP HIM!

THE WHISTLER'S EERIE BLAST FREEZES THE INTRUDER'S BLOOD...

GOT YOU!

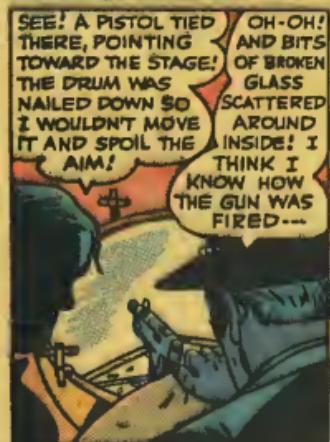
WHA—?? OOOOOFF!

ARGHHH!

I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS -- BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT, PAL!

WELL, FOR ---! IGOR, THE ESCAPED SUSPECT!

THE WHISTLER! I WOULDN'T HAVE FOUGHT IF I'D KNOWN IT WAS YOU!





I HAVEN'T LOOKED UNDER YOUR MASK WHISTLER! WHEN THE POLICE FIND YOUR BODY I WANT TO BE SURPRISED AT YOUR REAL IDENTITY!

THAT'S AWFULLY KIND OF YOU, LENLY! (THE KNOTS ARE SLIPPING! IF I HAD A LITTLE MORE TIME...)

8  
THE POLICE WILL NEVER GUESS! NOT ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND KNOWS A HIGH NOTE ON THE VIOLIN CAN SHATTER THIN GLASS BY ITS VIBRATIONS!

HE'S RIGHT IN LINE WITH THE GUN! I'VE GOT ONE SLIM CHANCE --IF IT WORKS...



Suddenly the WHISTLER'S Lips purse—and from them comes a thin, high note—



IT WORKED! I WHISTLED A NOTE SO HIGH THAT IT FIRED THE GUN!

YOU CAN'T! NOBODY CAN WHISTLE A NOTE THAT HIGH ---

EEEEEEAAHHH!



MY ARM! YOU SHOT ME IN THE ARM --BUT I'LL KILL YOU!

NOT IF THESE ROPES ARE AS LOOSE AS THEY FEEL!



YOUR NEXT EXPERIMENT WILL BE WITH THE VIBRATIONS OF AN ELECTRIFIED CHAIR, KILLER!



SURE IT'S A GOOD STORY, DRAKE -- I'LL ASK HIM NEXT TIME I SEE BIGGER ONE! I TELL HIM, BOSS -- BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL TELL ME! IS! SEE?

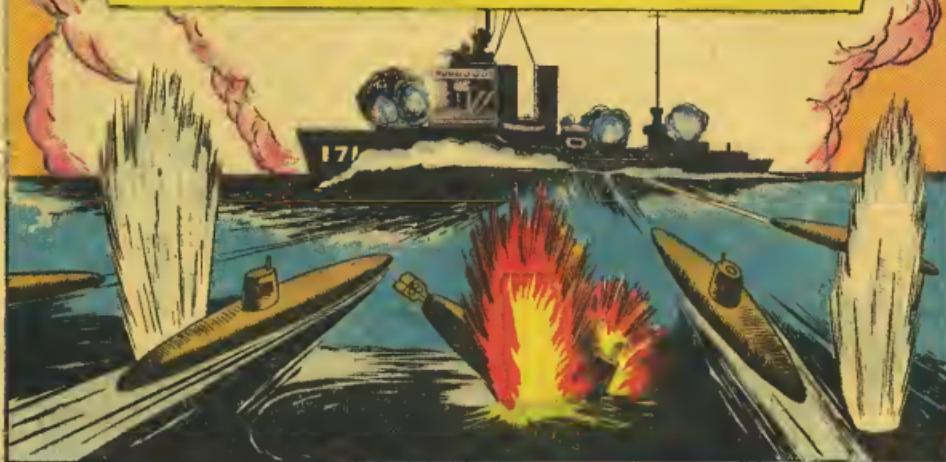


WHISTLER STRIKES AGAIN!...NAILS LANZ KILLER!

# DESTROYER 171

**SHORE LEAVE!** No words in the lexicon of the sea are more welcome to the sailor! A chance to go home again ... to see his loved ones ... to spend with them the few precious hours before the sea and its battles call him forth again!

But there is little peace or rest for the fighting crew of Destroyer 171 in the flaming, perilous hours of their **Furlough From Battle!**

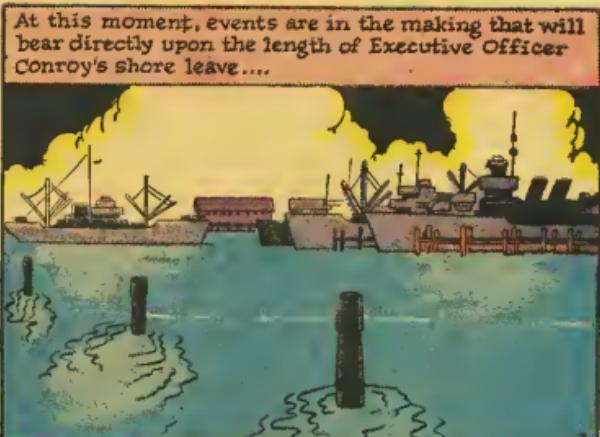


The famed Destroyer 171 is docked for minor repairs with other units of the fleet....



While Commander Harvey Blake and Fred Conroy, his executive officer, visit the residential section of a town....







Soon the u.s.s. Pawnee, the battle-weathered Destroyer 171, makes out to sea with all possible speed....



SORRY ABOUT YOUR SHORE LEAVE, CONROY!

THANK YOU, SIR! BUT THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT!

WE PICKED UP A SUB ON THE HYDROPHONES, SIR!

CENTER THE SOUND! PREPARE DEPTH CHARGES!



RELEASE DEPTH CHARGES!

THERE GO THE EXPLOSIONS! TIMED FOR TWO HUNDRED FEET!

I HOPE THEY'LL BLOW THE SUB TO THE SURFACE!



HEAVE TO! OR WE'LL SEND YOU TO THE BOTTOM!

HERE COME THE JAPS!

THOSE DEPTH BOMBS TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM! I HOPE YOUR JAP TALK ISN'T TOO RUSTY, CONROY!



THE NIPS ARE READY TO TALK! I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT THE BASE FROM WHICH THESE TWO-MAN SUBS OPERATE!

WE KNOW IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED MILES FROM OUR BASE! THAT'S THE TOP CRUISING LIMIT ON THESE BABY SUBS!

ANY LUCK?

THEY PRACTICALLY DREW A MAP, SIR! I CAN FIND THAT BASE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

YOU'RE NOT COMING, CONROY! ENSIGN JEFFRIES AND I ARE MAKING THE TRIP IN THAT CAPTURED SUB!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!



THIS IS A DANGEROUS JOB! I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO THE FATHER OF A FUTURE ADMIRAL!

I WON'T ACCEPT SPECIAL FAVORS, SIR! IT'S SETTLED! I'M GOING WITH YOU!



The Captured Jay sub heads away from Destroyer 171, charting a course toward the midget submarine base....



CONFOUND THESE SARDINE CANS! THERE ISN'T EVEN ROOM ENOUGH TO SIT DOWN!

IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A TORPEDO TUBE WITH A MOTOR, SIR!

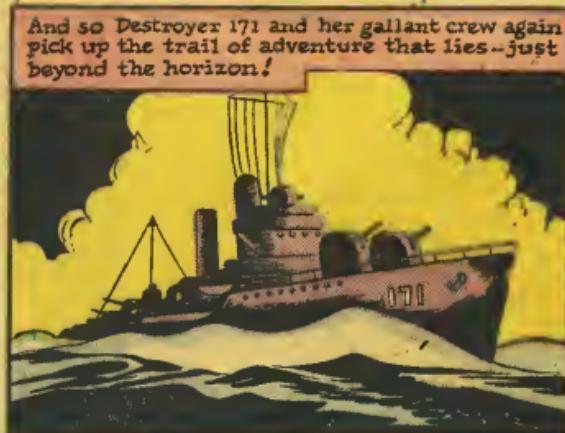
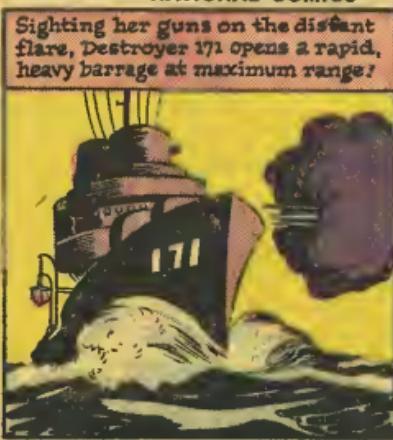


BUT THESE LITTLE SUBS CAN SLIP THROUGH MINE FIELDS LIKE AN EEL! THAT'S HOW THEY GOT THROUGH TO OUR NAVAL BASE!

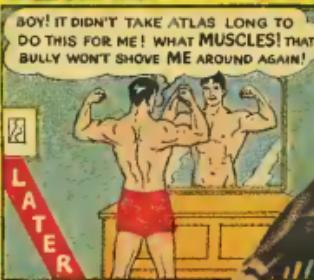
IF THIS MISSION SUCCEEDS, THEY WON'T MAKE ANOTHER TRIP!







# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

#### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength".

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 33010, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



actual photo of  
the man who holds  
the title, "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 33010  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name: ..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address: .....

City: ..... State: .....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

.....



# TOOTSIE

AND THE  
RETURN  
of  
DR. NARSTY

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA

A MEETING OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION HAS BEEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF CADWALLADER VAN TILDEN, A NEW MEMBER.

IT WAS NICE OF CADWALLADER'S MOTHER TO LET US MEET AT THEIR HOME. ROLLO! BUT WELL HAVE TO MIND OUR MANNERS IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME!

I GUESS MRS. VAN TILDEN MUST BE TICKLED PINK ABOUT CADWALLADER'S BEING ACCEPTED AS A LEGION MEMBER, CAPT. TOOTSIE!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MEETING HERE IN THE RUMPSU ROOM. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO HAVE MY BEAUTY FACIAL. I DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE MAN WAITING. HE'S HERE! OF COURS, YOU KNOW!

THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLACE, MRS. VAN TILDEN. THANKS!

WOW! IT'S GOT EVERYTHING—PING-PONG TABLES, BOXING GLOVES, 'N'EVERYTHING!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO HER?

SHE'S GIVING THE COUNTERSIGN!

MAHMAH! MAHMAH! I'LL GET CAPTAIN TOOTSIE...

A SHRIEK BLAST OF ROLLO'S TOOTSIE-TOOTER...

MOTHER, THIS IS THE FAMOUS CAPT. TOOTSIE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT!

HOW DO YOU DO, CAPT. TOOTSIE? I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR SECRET LEGION FROM CADWALLADER! HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT TOOTSIE COUNTERSIGN HE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT?

WHEN ANYONE'S IN DISTRESS HE GIVES THE COUNTERSIGN—**T** FOR TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION MEMBERS ANSWER IT BY COMING TO HIS ASSISTANCE!

UPSTAIRS, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

AN'ZEEZ SPECIALLY PREPARED MUD PACK WILL GIVE MADAME A FACE OF UNSURPASSED LOVE-LINNESS.

HEH! HEH! WHEN THIS CEMENT HALDEN, SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SCREAM AND I CAN STEAL THESE JEWELS!

MAHMAH! UH-AHWWK!

THIS CEMENT HALDEN CHOCKED AND PIECES OF PAIN ALIAS DR. NARSTY EXECUTES ONE OF THE COOLEST GEM THIEFS IN ALL HISTORY.

HEY, MOM! HEY, MOM! CAN WE HAVE SOME— CURSES! WHO'S COMING?

HEY, CADWALLADER! LOOK AT YOUR MOM!

I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! I MUST GO! DO NOT TOUCH THE MUDER WHILE IT IS THAT I AM AWAY!

...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JIFFY!

A-HAH! PIERRE OF PARIS OR RATHER DR. NARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!

HERE, FATSO, PASS THESE AROUND! TOOTSIE ROLLS WILL GIVE YOU ALL EXTRA ENERGY FOR ANY JOB!

**HI PALS!** ROLLO AND I EAT LOTS OF CHEWY, CHOCOLATEY **TOOTSIE ROLLS** BECAUSE THEY'RE CHOCK-FULL OF ENERGY!

\* TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!



STILL ONLY **1¢**